# MOTHER EARTH

Vol. V MARCH, 1910 No. 1

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ALEXANDER BERKMAN - - - EDITOR

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# INTERNATIONAL MEETING AND

# BALL

IN HONOR OF THE

## FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF "MOTHER EARTH"

COMBINED WITH

## COMMUNE CELEBRATION

## FRIDAY, MARCH 18th, 1910, 8 P. M.

## In the GRAND MANHATTAN HALL

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**SPEAKERS:**

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE, of Philadelphia,
H. KELLY, - - - - - - -
ALEXANDER BERKMAN, - - -
} in *English.*

MAX BAGINSKI,
A. LOTT,
} in *German.*

JAIME VIDAL, in *Spanish.*
PROF. SPIRO LADICOS, in *Italian.*
V. REISEK, in *Bohemian.*
DR. M. A. COHN, in *Yiddish.*

MISS T. FLYNN, *recitations.*

Gesangverein "Freiheit" will participate.

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# MOTHER EARTH

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**Vol. V** **MARCH, 1910** **No. 1**

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## REVOLUTION

BY FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

*And tho' ye caught your noble prey within your hangman's sordid thrall,*
*And tho' your captive was led forth beneath your city's rampart wall,*
*And tho' the grass lies o'er her green, where at the morning's early red*
*The peasant girl brings funeral wreaths—I tell you still—she is not dead!*

*And tho' from off the lofty brow you cut the ringlets flowing long,*
*And tho' ye mated her amid the thieves' and murderers' hideous throng,*
*And tho' ye gave her felon fare—bade felon garb her livery be,*
*And tho' ye set the oakum task—tell you all—she still is free!*

*And tho' compelled to banish, ye hunt her down thro' endless lands,*
*And tho' she seeks her foreign hearth and silent 'mid its ashes stands,*
*And tho' she bathes her wounded feet, where foreign streams seek foreign seas,*
*Yet—yet she never more will hang her harp on Babel's willow trees!*

*Ah, no! She strikes its every string and bids their loud defiance swell,*
*And as she mocked your scaffold erst, she mocks your banishment as well.*

*She sings a song that starts you up astounded from your slumbrous seats,*
*Until your heart—your craven heart— with terror beats!*

*No song of plaint, no song of sighs for those who perished unsubdued,*
*Not yet a song of irony at wrong's fantastic interlude—*
*The beggar's opera that ye try to drag out through its lingering scenes,*
*Tho' moth-eaten the purple be that decks your tinsel kings and queens.*

*Oh, no! The song those waters hear is not of sorrow, nor dismay—*
*'Tis triumph song—victorious song— the paean of the future's day!*
*The future—distant now no more—her prophet voice is sounding free,*
*As well as once your Godhead spake: "I was, I am, and I will be."*

*Will be—and lead the nation on, the last of all your hosts to meet*
*And on your necks, your heads, your crowns, I'll plant my strong resistless feet!*
*Avenger, Liberator, Judge—red battles on my pathway hurled,*
*I stretch forth my almighty arm, till it revivifies the world.*

*You see me only in your cells; you see me only in the grave;*
*You see me only wandering alone, beside the exile's sullen wave—*
*Ye fools! Do I not also live where you have tried to pierce in vain?*
*Rests not a nook for me to dwell in every heart and every brain?*

*In every brow that boldly thinks, erect with manhood's honest pride—*
*Does not each bosom shelter me that beats with honor's generous tide?*

*Not every workshop brooding woe? Not every hut that harbors grief?*
*Ha! Am I not the Beast of Life, that pants and struggles for relief?*

*'Tis therefore I will be—and lead the peoples yet your hosts to meet,*
*And on your necks, your heads, your crowns—will plant my strong resistless feet!*
*It is no boast—it is no threat—thus history's iron law decrees—*
*The day grows hot—oh, Babylon! 'Tis cool beneath thy willow trees.*

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

## OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

WITH this issue MOTHER EARTH begins its fifth year. It is no easy matter, even at best, to publish an Anarchist magazine, especially in a country so thoroughly dominated by commercialism as America. In the days we live in, everything is for sale, brains especially. Unless a thing possess some immediate market value, it is useless. Therefore ideals do not pay. Under such conditions it can not be expected that a publication like Mother Earth, the pathfinder of a nobler life, should prove a great success as measured by dollars and cents.

But perhaps success may mean something different from popularity. In fact, it is even possible that popularity, the approval of the stupid who are ever in the majority, may indicate deterioration, failure. In this sense ideals are not, and can never be, popular. Antagonizing existing prejudices and superstitions, as Anarchism does, it necessarily must face the bitter opposition of stupidity and the persecution on the part of the powers of darkness whose existence it threatens. This opposition, this persecution shows the degree to which Anarchism has become dangerous to Things as They Are, the extent to which it has impregnated the social consciousness. That is the measure of Anarchist success.

The prophet is stoned while his prophecy is about to be fulfilled. Thus Anarchism is persecuted, while the

Anarchist thought slowly permeates the social mind, rousing dissatisfaction with the existing, creating visions of better things, influencing the noblest minds, and quickening the march of progress.

That is the mission of MOTHER EARTH. As in the past, it shall carry the torch of liberty and enlightenment, forever the foe of all slavery and sham, the lover of light and life.

The staunch friends who have so faithfully helped the little fighter for social emancipation and all sympathizers of MOTHER EARTH will meet Friday, March 18, at Grand Manhattan Hall (309 Grand st.) to celebrate our fifth birthday.

* * *

THE Philadelphia general strike is without doubt the most important event in the history of American labor. It is no exaggeration to say that it marks a new epoch in the industrial life of the country.

There have been great strikes before, sympathetic strikes, and even general strikes of a *particular* industry. But never before has the country witnessed the workingmen of *an entire city*—a great industrial center—make common cause and rise as one man in aid of striking fellow-workers.

This splendid manifestation of solidarity indicates the final passing away of the small, isolated strike. It begins a new era of the practical application—on a large scale—of the motto, "An injury to one is the concern of all."

It is a dangerous innovation. It sounds the death knell of wage slavery. The masters realize the peril. Hence their frantic efforts to break the general strike, no matter at what cost of suffering and blood.

In a struggle of this character—given equal determination—the winner will be he who best understands the final aim and most effective methods. So far it is still the masters who have this advantage. Their aim is the subjugation of labor; their tactics, trickery and brutal force. In both, aim and methods, they have the whole machinery of government—municipal, State, and Federal—at their command. For governments exist just for that purpose: to uphold Things as They Are and to secure to the robber barons the fruit of others' labor.

The workingmen, on the other hand, have but *one* weapon—their numerical strength and producing power. If they fail to make energetic use of that, they are doomed to defeat. If they are too cowardly to resist, actively, police brutality, they will be clubbed into submission. If they foolishly rely on the Messiah of arbitration, they will be cheated out of victory.

All this American labor is gradually being taught by bitter experience, by the example of their more advanced fellow-workers of Europe, and by the propaganda of the general strike idea, which—by the way—was first suggested and advocated by the much-hated Anarchists.

The general strike of Philadelphia is but the first articulate cry of the awakening giant. Whatever its outcome, it is a tremendous moral victory, a long step on the road towards emancipation. Before long other cities will follow the example of Philadelphia; strikes will assume national and international proportions, finally culminating in *the* strike of enslaved labor for the possession of the earth and the fulness thereof.

* * *

THE month of March has no special significance for the American proletariat. Perhaps a coming, enlarged, national repetition of the Philadelphia struggle will make March as memorable in this country as it is in the history of Europe.

There March is the *red month*. The month of revolutions, when the storms of popular uprisings swept the rotten foundations of society. It is the red month in the annals of Prussia, of Austria and France, which were lit up by the fires of liberty in the March days of 1848.

Twenty-three years later the proletariat of Paris again rose in arms against the dictatorship of the abominable Thiers, who had attempted to force a new monarchy upon exhausted France, still bleeding from the wounds made by the German bayonets. The Commune was proclaimed, and the cry of liberty was re-echoed beyond the confines of France.

The political and economic aspirations of the people were stifled in blood. But not in vain were those struggles. The red month of March has taught us a valuable lesson. A revolution, to be successful, must

first of all destroy the very basis of all tyranny: its material existence. It was the stupid reverence for stolen property that caused the fall of the Paris Commune and the defeat of other uprisings. The lessons of the past will guide the people in the coming storms of March.

* * *

THERE is no doubt that the ruling class understand far better than the workingmen the importance of free speech. While the systematic suppression of all free expression began with the Anarchists, labor ignored the issue. It was "none of their business." They failed to realize that it was but the prelude to the general campaign of silencing the protest against tyranny and exploitation.

Gradually the stifling of free speech and free press has become a common occurrence, practised in every part of the land. The absolute prohibition of free speech in Spokane has been followed by the suppression of labor organs which dared to champion the cause of the disinherited. The latest outrage has been committed upon *Free Press* and *Solidarity,* weeklies published at New Castle, Pa., the editors and press committee having been thrown in jail in an attempt to silence opposition to the Steel Trust.

Everywhere, in all parts of the country, fatal blows are being struck at free expression. Perhaps the continued beatings will serve to awaken the people to the realization that suppression is not the concern merely of the one suppressed, but of everyone, and that mere passive resistance has never yet proved an effective weapon. Till then free speech will be a dangerous deceit.

* * *

THE acquittal of Nicholas Tchaikovsky was rather a clever stroke of Russian diplomacy. One can almost see the sardonic smile on Stolypin's face at the sound of the international paeans to the "impartial justice" of the Russian court.

Commenting upon the case, the New York *Times* writes: "The decision of the Russian tribunal to acquit the revolutionist Tchaikovsky will affect most favorably the standing of Russia and Russian justice in the eyes

of the world. While we cannot assume that this court has been influenced by political considerations, or that it has acquitted Tchaikovsky upon other grounds than the evidence presented, nevertheless the fortunate political effect of the acquittal will be noted."

Inferentially, the condemnation of Mme. Breshkovskaia by the "just" Russian tribunal is to be tacitly approved. But Catherine Breshkovskaia is made of the stuff which scorns bourgeois sympathy. Over sixty, with a score of years passed in prisons and Siberia, she is yet young with the enthusiasm and devotion of the pioneer. She is the virgin of the Revolution whose fire never grows dim.

Her life in the balance, she frankly proclaimed herself a revolutionist striving to abolish Russian tyranny. Her judges doomed her to eternal exile among the snows of Siberia. But even they could not help admiring the sublime courage and self-loyalty of our dear "Babushka."

In Catherine Breshkovskaia the cause of liberty lost a most energetic and faithful worker, but it gained a noble martyr.

❦ ❦ ❦

## THE PHILADELPHIA STRIKE

BY VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

EVER since the trolley strike of last June, when the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company was forced into the semblance of an agreement with its men, it has made systematic efforts to undermine, crush, and utterly destroy their union. The ink was scarcely dry before it began violating this agreement, and at last, feeling that it had acquired sufficient strength through the introduction of a rival union, an organization of scabs, it began forcing the situation, by discharging its old men, men who had been in the service from ten to twenty years, "for the good of the service." In the middle of the winter, with the snows of the great blizzard yet on the streets, it endeavored to precipitate a strike, thus creating in the public mind the idea that the union men were utterly reckless of the hardships of riders. Through the efforts of the careful men in the union, the strike was held back, until Saturday, the 19th of February, when by

a sudden wholesale discharge of six hundred men, the Company forced a walk-out.

Rioting began promptly, and up till the Thursday following the declaration of the strike, success lay with the men. Few cars were operated, and practically no one rode in these except their scab crews and the "cops" who guarded them. The reason, of course, was very simple: people did not want their heads broken. For while it is true that many thousands of people voluntarily walk, or ride in any conveyance rather than a street car, the great majority of riders are indifferent both to the men and the company, and are occupied only with their own private concerns. These stayed off the cars only for prudential motives; and so long as brickbats were flying into windows, trolley poles pulled off and cars upset, tracks barricaded, and scabs put out of business, these people preferred to walk. The city police having proved ineffective, and the State Fencibles having made a rather funny exhibition of themselves by having their swords, guns, and shining buttons taken away from them by the Germantown rioters, the State Constabulary were sent for. And there was peace: so the papers said. One reason they said so, was because the great merchants assembled and told the newspapers that unless they stopped printing riot scares, they, the merchants, would withdraw their "ads." Accordingly the papers minimized, where before they had maximized, and while rioting continued to an extent, and does still continue, it has been reduced; the Company's scabs have resumed their courage; and a great number of people ride—many, indeed, who would like to see the men win, but who have not been able to endure the hardship of walking. According to the Company's statements they are now doing about 60 per cent. of their usual business, which is of course a lie; but then —they are doing entirely too much for the good of the trolleymen.

Meanwhile there was much talk; the general strike, as a possibility, hove in sight within three days after the trolley strike began, and if on that critical Thursday it had been declared, the trolley strike would have been won. The people would have been in the streets, cars could not have run, scabs would have remained away, and the Company would have given in. But, O Procras-

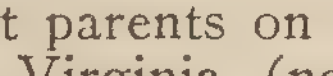
tination, Procrastination! The precious conservatism, which always waits for its enemies to do something for it! The men have prayed for arbitration; the Company refuses; the business men have prayed for arbitration; the Company refuses; the ministers have consulted with God and then prayed the Company for arbitration; the Company refuses; the Mayor has been besought to urge arbitration; he refuses. At last the Central Labor Union makes good its talk on Sunday, the 27th of February, and in an enthusiastic meeting votes for a General Strike; when ———? O, Futility! On Saturday, March 5th, a week later! A whole week for the Company to re-establish its service, for Director Clay to swear in more police, for the bosses to post notices to their workmen to remain or lose their jobs, for spies to canvass the shops, for business associations to pass resolutions, and newspapers to write editorials deploring the disgrace brought on the "fair fame of Philadelphia," and other patriotic drivel; for the weak-kneed to get weaker, and enthusiasm to cool; for lawyers to hunt up laws and courts of appeal! Oh, the idiocy of conservatism!

I write on Friday, the 4th of March; the strike order goes into effect at midnight, to-night. Undoubtedly it will be a great object lesson; even to have conceived a general strike is something for the workers of this curse-ridden city. But one feels poignantly the tactical mistakes of the unions, whereby the great struggle which would have been successful on the 24th of February, is now likely to be defeated.

At any rate, the working people have had an excellent demonstration of what police and soldiers are for, what interests city officials serve, and what may be hoped by them from laws and courts. There have been many frightful sentences inflicted on rioters—some even to six years' prison; many painful murders of innocent people; brutal and utterly unprovoked assaults by the police upon mere bystanders. On the other hand, the mobs have not been gentle, and have manifested their hatred of scabs in clearly comprehensible language. If the authorities had any discernment (which they have not, being drunk with the idea of constituted force) they would realize the depth of the words of the United Business Men's resolutions, which say: "Superior brute force may quiet and

quell, but it will not placate the people, convince the strikers, or satisfactorily and permanently end the struggle." Whoever wrote those lines undoubtedly saw something looming ahead, which neither Timothy O'Leary, Director Clay, nor Mayor Reyburn have eyes to see.

I remember the words of my teacher, Dyer D. Lum, about the Homestead Strike of '92: "Don't worry; it's only a pimple." Such is the Philadelphia strike, to what is one day coming.



## MOSES HARMAN

APPRECIATIONS.

I WONDER if we who sometimes scoff at religion do not forget that the quintessence of religion is zeal. Religion does not consist in a belief in God or in gods. It may be a belief in any thing that inspires zeal. In this sense it is true that man is a religious animal. In this sense, and in this alone, Moses Harman was religious.

Born of Methodist parents on October 12, 1830, in Pendleton County, Virginia (now West Virginia), Moses joined the church at the age of sixteen, and was licensed to preach before he was twenty. His clear mind and his intense love of justice soon led him to disbelieve in a god who would punish his erring children by endless torment, and he became an agnostic. It was his rugged honesty and his love of humanity which drove him from the church.

But his loss of faith in theology did not quench his fervent zeal which continued to blaze as a consuming fire until the day of his death, which occurred at Los Angeles, Cal., on January 30, 1910.

One of the most offensive things to his sense of justice was the economic and sexual slavery of women. He held that belief in the Bible had done more than anything else to perpetuate this slavery.

If any thing was holy to him it was humanity. If any rite was a sacrament it was that which brings human beings into existence. From his early manhood sex was to him an object of reverence. I knew him intimately for nearly twenty years, and I never

knew him to tell what is called a "smutty" story or jest about the sex relations. I never knew a man who had a higher respect for women and maternity.

Yet this clean-minded prophet of a better day, this man crying in a wilderness of filth for a just and sane regard for sex, was twice sent to the penitentiary on conviction of sending obscene literature through the mails. But it is safe to say that in each case the obscenity was in the minds of the judges, jurors, and prosecutors who could see nothing but filth in the sane discussion of sex.

For more than twenty years he published a weekly paper called *Lucifer, the Light Bearer*, which was devoted to the cause of the sexual emancipation of women. He contended, "We can never have a race of free human beings so long as the mothers are slaves." The language of his editorials was invariably inoffensive as to its words. Both times he was convicted not on what he had written, but on articles contributed to his paper by others. It is my opinion that he was convicted not because the prosecutors believed these articles were obscene, but because Mr. Harman attacked institutional marriage.

He believed marriage should be dissoluble at the will of either party to the contract. He believed no woman should ever give birth to an undesired child. He believed that the term "illegitimate" applied to a child born out of wedlock was a dastardly insult to motherhood. Above all, he contended that a woman should have the sole right to the control of her person either in or out of wedlock.

A few years ago he changed the name of *Lucifer* to *The American Journal of Eugenics*. He was the pioneer of the eugenics movement in America. Since he adopted the new name for his magazine the eugenics movement has spread rapidly. It has been taken up by college professors and sociologists, and many books have been published without molestation which contain matter that would have been adjudged obscene if it had been published by Mr. Harman. For, even in such books as those written by Prof. W. I. Thomas, Elsie Clews Parsons, C. B. Davenport, and Luther

Burbank, the logic of eugenics points clearly at the injustice of indissoluble marriage.

In his love of justice and liberty and his hatred of tyranny, Moses Harman in the latter years of his life refused to take part in government. He was practically an Anarchist, although he indorsed many of the liberal views of the Socialists. His objection to Socialism was that the wrongs which it combats cannot be righted by legislation.

He was a strong lover of life and felt confident of continued existence after the dissolution of the body. His mind was remarkably clear, but he was the zealous apostle of a heart conviction for justice rather than a scientific exponent of eugenics. Contending for the liberty to express his own beliefs, he demanded the same right for others whose views did not agree with his.

Moses Harman married twice and was twice a widower. By his first wife he had two children, who survive him. They are George Harman, a publisher at Valley Falls, Kansas, and Lillian Harman, of Chicago.

Harman memorial meetings will be held in New York, Chicago, and several other cities on March 27.

JONATHAN MAYO CRANE.

* * *

THE news of the sudden death of Moses Harman came as a violent shock to those who had long been prepared for such an event. So long had he stood out, a majestic figure, crowned with the snowy locks of age, with brow furrowed by the harsh experiences which fall ever to the lot of those who best serve their kind, slightly bowed and lame, but with the flashing eye and the firm voice of perfect manhood, which knows no limitations of age, that we could scarcely realize that he had passed from us. His was a place which could be filled by no other. In thorough sympathy with every movement that makes for liberty, he was possessed of the intense conviction that the bringing to pass of a free motherhood was of all great steps of progress the one most essential to the human race. Other sincere and devoted libertarians may believe that the chief stress should

be laid on the economic, the anti-clerical, the political, the educational, the revolutionary, or some other side of the great struggle for human emancipation; but Moses Harman has wrought so efficiently in his many years of labor that the day is past when the sex question can be thrust into the background as an unimportant and incidental matter.

Seldom does any age give birth to a human being capable of so completely absorbing himself in a great cause as did Moses Harman. Of brief and glorious martyrdoms we have had many, furnishing their inspiration to those who were to follow; and we have many instances of an intense activity for a limited period of time. Some, too, have devoted their entire lives to the work in which they thoroughly believed. What distinguished Harman, however, was not merely his continuity of service, nor his intrepidity of spirit, but more especially his marked selflessness. This self-dedicator is commonly found among those who are either fanatics or egoists. Moses Harman was neither. He was no fanatic, but one who maintained a broad outlook, and was ever ready to render the completest acknowledgement and tribute to those who were laboring in other fields than his own. He was singularly free from dogmatism, and insistent on the necessity of keeping the mind ever open for the introduction of newly discovered truth. He trusted the principle of liberty, as few have done, not attempting to prescribe the most fitting course for free men and women to follow, but showing that the lessons of liberty must be learned in liberty. He was always ready and eager to let the other side be fully heard. If he erred at all as an editor, it was in carrying editorial hospitality to excess. It was his habit to take his readers into counsel on nearly every matter relating to the management of *Lucifer* and *Eugenics,* treating the paper or magazine as theirs no less than his, and himself as merely the instrument for doing the common work. While the literary tone of the publication often suffered, and many of his best friends blamed him for lack of a business sense, the advantage of the free forum for interchange of ideas among the radicals of the country can hardly be overestimated.

His personality was important to him only as representing his principles. When the propaganda of liberty

seemed to call for it, he would detail his own history, or describe his own labors or sufferings, in exactly the same detached and impartial manner in which he would write of the work or experiences of any other worker. He was eminently teachable, and eager to learn from others, ready to correct a mistake, and in the frankest way to admit an error. I have never known a nature more free from any tendency toward personal animosities. While persecuted with a virulent malevolence by men not worthy to loose the latchet of his shoe, he was never betrayed into violent abuse of them. His inclination was rather to find excuses for their warped mental attitudes. On one occasion, as he himself related more than half-regretfully, he was badgered by the unspeakable sleuth-hound McAfee into telling that loathsome understudy of Comstock to his face that although a Federal prison again stared him in the face, he would a thousand times rather pass through even hotter fires of persecution than exchange places with the bloodhound who was gloating over him. The stern denunciation might well have seemed to the coarse persecutor like the voice of his own conscience forewarning him of the measureless obloquy with which history ever covers creatures of his type. It was the voice of justice that spoke through Harman at that moment, rather than the mere personal resentment of an injured victim; and that voice may well have followed the wretched McAfee to the grave. We who have known and loved Moses Harman feel no regret that, for once in his life, even his gentle soul could not restrain the outcry of outraged right. May the echoes of that condemnation pass from the hireling, and ring in the ears of the master-knave, Anthony Comstock, the hater of free speech and honest search for truth.

With the solitary exception mentioned, Moses Harman seemed almost incredibly free from resentment, and ready to show kindness to all. Even those pseudo-liberals who basely shirked their duty in the hour of persecution, and even some who yet more basely stabbed him in the back, were met with gentle forgiveness. Even among those who place Free Thought first in the order of things to be striven for, a black stain will forever rest on the memory of H. L. Green for his mean and dishonest treatment of Harman, in the controversy that

arose after the death of Putnam. Yet after Green had done his worst, Moses Harman contented himself with a mild refutation of the position taken by the recreant Liberal editor, and actually wound up by assuring his readers that while Green had unfortunately taken an indefensible position on the particular question concerned, his publication was of very great value, and should be read by all liberals; and although Green, in a most insulting and contemptible letter, had declined to exchange further with him, he concluded by giving the address and price of Green's periodical, and advising all his readers to subscribe for it. It is doubtful if any parallel to this incident can be produced; but nobody who knew Moses Harman can regard it as other than entirely characteristic of him.

I am using the limited space here to give merely a faint appreciation of Moses Harman, and hence have not ventured to give even a synopsis of his life story. His daughter Lillian is preparing the materials for the thorough biography which will be craved by all who have followed in ever so slight a degree the career of this great pioneer in freedom's cause. His several imprisonments are familiar to most readers of MOTHER EARTH; and there can be little doubt that his end, which to many of us seemed premature even at eighty, was materially hastened by the unpardonable abuses heaped on him during his last term. Yet at no time did he pose as a martyr. He was fearless, but devoid of all bravado. He never issued a defiance, merely for the sake of showing his courage or unnecessarily inviting persecution. He simply and quietly did the thing which seemed to him right and hence, to his straightforward mind, inevitable, and calmly accepted the consquences, be they what they might. It is without disparagement to any living, nor attempt at unwarranted hero-worship, that I lay this slight offering of appreciation at the shrine of his memory, and express the certain conviction that "we ne'er shall look upon his like again."

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

# LIGHT AND SHADOWS IN THE LIFE OF AN AVANT-GUARD

By EMMA GOLDMAN.

AFTER the joyous ring in my last report my friends will think the tone of this epistle rather depressed, and yet my tour continues good, with a few trifling disappointments unavoidable in the work of an avant-guard.

If one has not known the sensation of passing through the rich, fragrant scenery of California and then through the deserts of Nevada, he will not appreciate my state of mind when I suddenly woke up in Hannibal, Mo. A stretch of mud along the Mississippi.

What a curious imagination must have been his, who named that dead, barren town Hannibal. There is not enough energy or spirit there to fight a chicken, let alone to deserve the name of an historic warrior. Yet this dull, gray speck of earth has a ray of gold to give it color and relieve the eye from its monotony—Comrade A. H. Garner.

Since Ibsen gave the world the giant figure of Dr. Stockmann, we have learned to appreciate the true hero in him who can stand alone, maintaining a truth against all odds. But Stockmann was never so alone as our brave comrade in Hannibal. Stockmann had the woman of his love, who, while she could not understand his spirit, yet went with him. He had his children, his Petra, herself a rebel and fighter. Last, but not least, he had Hausten, the weather-worn and rugged friend, who betrayed him not. But what must be the fortitude and courage of a man who really stands all alone in a community of densest ignorance and darkness.

Six years Comrade Garner has lived in Hannibal, an open and avowed Anarchist, holding his banner high against all odds. Verily, his is a greater heroism than that of martyrs who died for the truth.

The very idea of a meeting in that city seemed ridiculous. But who could refuse the genuine enthusiasm and zeal which prompted our comrade to shun no expense and labor to get me there?

The meeting was a fizzle, of course; still, I should not

have missed the experience for anything. To know that in this great land there is one American Anarchist brave enough to defy a whole community, is an inspiration worth even the trip to Hannibal.

The patron saint of the avant-guard dwells in the lower regions. The saint of St. Louis has not yet been admitted there. That may account for his grace with the fairies. Certainly none but kind fairies could arrange a visit so cloudless and smooth as mine has been in St. Louis.

"Social functions" are rather a novelty in the life of the avant-guard; but the dear captain who steered the forlorn ship through the shoals of a middle-class luncheon and of a would-be bohemian dinner, was the brilliant editor of the St. Louis *Mirror*. His suave, jovial, kindly spirit could smuggle the most dangerous contraband into the enemy's camp. No wonder Emma Goldman, the fire spitter, was dined and watered by so many "nice people." Surely, people who let others work must be nice. As for themselves? Oh, they have a greater mission. That's why they came to hear how the Anarchist proposes to manage society, where a "thrifty, saving man would not be safe from his shiftless brother, if there be no law to stay him."

Such was the gist of the hundred and one questions hurled at the sinful head of the avant-guard. A luncheon served on idle questions, plenty of water and little spirit. The inspiring element was Billy Reedy, sparkling wine after a prayer meeting.

My second "debut" was at the Artists' Guild, a society composed of "respectable bohemians"—a bohemianism that compares favorably with Jack London's exploits in the East End of London as portrayed in his "Children of the Abyss." "He stood in the bread line, waited hours to be given a chance to shovel coals, had himself locked up in the workhouse," in the blissful consciousness that he can at any time go back to his lodgings, take a bath, change his linen, and eat a hearty dinner. Poverty under such circumstances is not so bad, after all.

No doubt there are among the Guilders a few who know the stress and agony of a real bohemian life; but the majority of the people who were present took their

bohemianism as the flavor of life without which a middle class existence must be barren indeed.

It was, however, to the former that I addressed my remarks on "Art in relation to Life." To the few who are themselves that part of humanity who eke out a drab existence, to whom art must remain terra incognita, so long as life is forbidden them.

Life in all its variety of color, in all its fulness and wealth is art, the highest art. He who does not help to bring about such a life is not an artist, no matter if he can paint sunsets or compose nocturnes. All the truly great artists of the world have realized that: Millet, in taking the struggle of his people for his themes; Meunier, in showing the world the power of labor; Rodin, in representing the pathos and tragedy of blighted youth; Charpentier, in singing love unchained and unfettered, in Louise. Artists, the world over, have gone to the life of the people, have become one with their struggles, their hopes and dreams. Only in America the artists are commodities like everything else that has been debased by money. Is not the Artists' Guild thriving on the patronage of those whose art criterion is the dollar?

I hope that the few who are still artists in the making (I have met a few at the dinner), will learn to appreciate their real sphere, the true relation between art and life.

My meetings in St. Louis were well attended, especially the Ferrer lecture. Genuine enthusiasm and interest in the life and works of that great man are manifested at every meeting dedicated to him.

The lecture on "The Drama" was very much apropos in St. Louis, owing to the frantic efforts of some ministers to "purify the stage." Christian purity, a deceased lady, clothed in hypocritical rags. Altogether St. Louis proved both interesting and profitable, thanks to Wm. Marion Reedy's good graces in fairyland. But I must also not forget the untiring devotion of Ada and Ben Capes, two staunch friends and comrades.

Springfield, Ill., is the seat of law-manufacture and the scene of one of the most brutal race feuds in recent years. How stupid to carry an idea of liberty and brotherhood there! But this, too, is the privilege of the avant-guard, to do stupid things sometimes.

The Chief of Police, who attempted to stop the meetings, may have been prompted by good motives. Why throw pearls before swine? Law-making and man-hunting are not likely to develop a better human breed. As to the foreign element, it is too exploited and worn-out to go to meetings or pay admission. I never wished more to be able to stay over Sunday and have free meetings, since "them ignorant foreigners" are the only material worth while in Springfield.

Detroit, Mich., was conquered after all. Alas, it was not the spirit of Robert Reitzel that helped. Of that there is no more. An erstwhile lickspittle of Reitzel, who in a foolish moment was induced to join the committee for free speech, took to his heels when he learned that we actually came to test the situation. Another whose claim to radicalism consists of silly stunts, was still more "liberal": he kept in the background. Only one remained true to the spirit of *Der arme Teufel*—Conrad Pfeifer; but even he was worried lest the "mighty be offended."

The saviors of free speech in Detroit were, as usual, the single taxers, urged on by Mr. Ingram, the most spirited of them all.

Ridicule is a tremendous weapon against authority; thus Tsar Croul of Detroit may have come down from his throne for fear of appearing ridiculous. At any rate, our meetings did take place. Yet not without great loss of time and considerable expense. However, it was worth it all, not merely because of the material and moral success, but for the sake of our comrades there.

Carolus Nold, the erstwhile stormer, wastes his life in the mental atrophy of German *Vereinsmeierei* (club life). Too bad for the boy who could still do much in a healthier atmosphere. My visit to Detroit bears me out. Carl became rejuvenated. He threw himself with the old fire in the work, as in the days when his spirit was as young as his years.

Dear old, romantic Emma Clausen, now Dr. Clausen, *s'il vous plaît,* needs but half a chance; her spirit is ever ready to break the bars of convention. What a pity a woman like Emma must live in Detroit. Such a rich nature, such abilities, withering in the desert of philistinism. Life to-day is indeed a terrible mess.

Ann Arbor! Brain producer of Michigan, hide thy face in shame!

Five hundred university rowdies in a hall, whistling, howling, pushing, yelling like escaped lunatics. How infinitely superior is the roughest element of workers, longshoremen, sailors, miners, street-cleaners. I have addressed them all, been with them all. Men with not enough knowledge to write their name, men who have been hardened and brutalized by drudgery and poverty. Yet all of them are as boarding-school girls in behavior and demeanor compared with the university rowdies of Ann Arbor, who packed the hall to create a riot. That the latter was averted is altogether due to my recollection of Ibsen's estimate of mob psychology, so wonderfully expressed in the lines of Dr. Stockmann: "Not two decent stones in the whole lot, the rest are pebbles. And yet they stood down there and yelled and swore they'd slay me—but for deeds, for deeds, there is not much for that in this town."

These pampered parasites, not one of them with enough backbone to fight a flea; yet there they were yelling and screaming in true American democratic fashion.

My subject being Anarchism, I needed no better argument against government than that living mass nurtured and bred on law and authority, yet the first to break not only man-made law, but every human law of tolerance, kindness, and respect for the rights of others. These famous American chevaliers, who revere woman so much that their wild pushing and shoving practically endangered the lives of the women present, these defenders of property rights, who demolished everything in the hall, fell over each other to steal literature, and forced their way into the hall, although an admission was charged. The quality of these would-be students certainly speaks poorly for the professors. A course on behavior and decency would not be amiss at the University of Ann Arbor.

If not for a few students who were our hosts at a fraternity dinner and those that felt deeply the disgraceful conduct of their colleagues at the meeting, one might despair of a country whose intellectual training creates such a breed. As it is, the maniacs at my meeting may

represent but a small part of that student body. Let us hope so, at least.

The encouraging feature of the Ann Arbor experience was furnished by a group of Socialists, also students, their instructor, Wm. Boehn, and his wife, Maud Thompson.

How wonderful is the spirit of solidarity, if it can sweep away all theoretic differences in a moment of need. Stauncher friends it has never been my fortune to meet, at such a critical moment. Dear Maud Thompson. I never shall forget her terror-stricken face, when I made my way through that mad mob. Terror-stricken, not out of anxiety for herself, but for me, in that awful, trying hour at the meeting. And Wm. Boehn, no longer the cold theoretician of "scientific Socialism," as he was during luncheon, when Dr. Reitman and I were his guests, but all aglow with comradely love and sympathy, ready to fight, if necessary, for one who was but a stranger to him. And Lee White, too, stood his ground to the very end, although he was in no small danger to be swept away by those Ann Arbor maniacs. Yes, when theoretic barriers and differences are swept away, comradeship can assert itself to the fullest.

In Buffalo, N. Y., happened the miracle of all miracles. Anarchism has been heard there again. Two meetings, and "without an order of the court." Our friends will recollect the reply given to Fred Schulder when he tried to make my speaking possible. Poor Chief Regan, it must have outraged his sensitive soul, when Emma Goldman could lecture in Buffalo, after he had decreed that it must not be.

Here we found ourselves in a house divided against itself. Chief Regan using every open and underhanded way to stop the meeting; the Mayor, through his secretary, adhering to non-interference. That Secretary! What peculiar human compounds America does create. Liberal, radical, non-believer, yet bound to the spook of a New England conscience. Dreamer of great dreams, but doer of small things. A politician and opportunist, afraid of public opinion, yet recklessly waving the public aside. Certainly he had nothing to gain and much to lose in taking sides for free speech for Emma Goldman. But he stood his ground with puritan tenacity.

After the Ferrer lecture the Chief was even more frantic. His beloved holy Mary was attacked, the Catholic Church. The Mayor would listen to no entreaties. What difference which of the religious impostors is in the seat of heaven. As a last resort Catholic priests were sent to the hall keeper.

Two hours before the meeting our hall was refused. But Ben Reitman quickly found another hall, and the second meeting, too, was thus saved. The third had to be abandoned, all halls, barns, and stables being taken for that night. The fourth and fifth meetings were the least eventful, poor Regan having grown weary of the wild chase.

Our victory in Buffalo will be appreciated only by those who know that during the last nine years not a known Anarchist was allowed to speak in that city. During nine years Anarchism was vilified and Anarchists held up as the blackest criminals, yet not a word could be raised in protest. During nine years the memory of Czolgosz was besmirched as that of a traitor, liar, and informer. Yet no one dared to cry out against that outrage, to show that it was the police and the press who were the liars and informers, and not that boy. That I should have been able to speak in Buffalo makes the victory even greater. What if it cost us no end of anxiety; what if Reitman was made ill from the strain; what of the money even that the Buffalo campaign consumed? It was worth it all.

The most tangible result, however, is the formation of a free speech league, which will never again submit to the censorship of the last nine years.

Rochester, N. Y., the city of my inauguration into the beauties of American factory life; the place where I first learned the brazeness of American liberty. Rochester where I was made to suffer the narrow American provincialism, with its busy-body guardianship of every soul unlike its own. Here, too, it was that I understood the mockery of the legalized sanctity of the home. Rochester also, where I first beheld the light of liberty, of independence. We held three meetings. Although arranged in one day and in a wretched hall, the English meetings were exceptionally good. During my visit, I heard and met for the first time one other American contradiction—Brand Whitlock, the Mayor of Toledo.

How strange that the author of that terrible arraignment of government, "The Turn of the Balance," a truly human document, should himself participate in the exercise of authority. How strange that this poet and dreamer should be a party to the ugliness of politics and political life. Yet is not all life strange? And is not the life of the avant-guard strangest of all?

Hope and joy, pain and despair! The sublime and the ridiculous, separated by one step.

## THE FREE SPEECH FIGHT

By Dr. Ben L. Reitman.*

FRIENDS:—

Two years have passed, and sometimes two years make a difference. Let us look back two years, and see a man by the name of George Shippy at his height. "Shippy was an ideal Chief of Police." The newspapers praised him, and he had the confidence of the people of Chicago.

Two years have gone: Shippy is down and out. The newspapers have bitterly attacked him; they have unmercilessly condemned him, he has no longer the confidence of the people of Chicago.

Two years ago Emma Goldman was hounded and persecuted. Two years ago she went to the Anthropological Society, and a hundred policemen followed to prevent her from speaking. To-night, Emma Goldman addresses a Chicago audience without a uniformed policeman in the hall.

I don't know whether Emma Goldman has the confidence and respect of the people of Chicago, but I am sure that she has the confidence of a small number of people in Chicago who know that the persecution and hounding she was subjected to was unjustifiable.

Let us look back again, and see the changes which have taken place; let us see the steps that were responsible for the former Chief of Police Shippy being down and out, and Emma Goldman being able to speak.

Two years ago to-morrow the unemployed had a parade

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*Police stenographic report of an address delivered by Dr. Reitman at Chicago, Jan. 19th, 1910.

which it was my pleasure to lead. Shippy as Chief of Police issued orders to stop that parade.

A month after that parade the notice appeared in the Chicago newspapers that Emma Goldman would come here. The next morning the papers came out with a statement from Chief of Police Shippy, refusing to allow Emma Goldman to talk.

Those two incidents changed the history of Chicago. Let us go back to the parade. The day of the parade Chicago looked like an armed city. Many unemployed were clubbed by the order of Chief of Police Shippy. At that time there lived in Chicago a young Russian Jew, who had been in the city but a few months, by the name of Harry Averbuch. He, I am inclined to believe, stood on the street corner and saw the police club the unemployed. It is possible that he was not there. If he was not there, he at least read the accounts of how the police clubbed the people. Like all thinking Russians he must have been terribly outraged. A month later he read that the police—George Shippy—will not allow Emma Goldman to speak. He saw that free speech is being suppressed. He came from Russia, a land of tyranny and despotism; he believed that when he came to America things would be different, there would be free speech. He found that it is not so. In one month he learned that there was here just as much tyranny, just as much suppression of free speech as in Russia.

Harry Averbuch then took it upon himself to right what he thought was a great wrong. He did go to Shippy's house, he was armed, he did have a revolver, and he did attempt to kill George Shippy. Those who have the impression from newspapers, especially the Socialist press, that Averbuch was not armed are mistaken. I have authentic proof that young Averbuch did go to Shippy's house and attempted to kill him, and I am inclined to think that he shot Shippy's son. The result of this boy going to Shippy's house was that Shippy killed him, and probably it was a case of self-defense.

Averbuch acted alone, Averbuch consulted no one. He did not need to consult any one: he saw the police club men and he saw the police suppress free speech; he was of a delicate temperament, he thought it rested upon him to remedy this great wrong and he took his life in his own

hands. He was a very brave man. To Harry Averbuch I tender my very profound respect.

He was a foreigner: he did not know, as you and I know, that it is a mistake to attempt to kill a policeman, because a man may be Chief of Police to-day and three weeks later he may be tending bar. He did not know that a man may be the Mayor of Chicago and three months from now be in the penitentiary. He did not know that; nevertheless he did this thing. He may have been very foolish; it was very foolish of him to lose his valuable young life, but nevertheless I, for one, refuse to condemn Averbuch. I think he was a brave man; I think he was a much braver man than George Shippy.

You all read the papers. When Emma Goldman was stopped most of you agreed it was all right. There was nothing done, or very little done, to secure for Emma Goldman her right of free speech. I want to bring out another point. In New York City a man similar to Shippy, by the name of Bingham, General Bingham, who was Chief of Police, clubbed the unemployed; he suppressed meetings, and another boy who had only been here for a few years attempted to avenge the police outrage. He threw a bomb and lost his life. The point that I wanted to drive home to you is that the arbitrariness of the police in clubbing the unemployed and suppressing free speech caused Averbuch and Silverstein to lose their lives.

Was Averbuch an Anarchist? What is an Anarchist? An Anarchist is one who knows something about Anarchist philosophy and who accepts that. I have been with the Anarchists nearly two years and I know most of them, the Italians, the Spaniards, the Jewish and the English, and I have never heard of an Anarchist preaching violence, nor have I read any such advice in the Anarchist writings. Averbuch may have been an Anarchist, but I think not. From what I can find out, he knew little about Anarchist principles. He had gone to a few Anarchist meetings, but those meetings were literary meetings and he learned nothing about violence. So the point I bring home to you is this: Averbuch may have been an Anarchist and he may not have been one, but if he was an Anarchist it was not the principles of Anarchism that drove him to violence.

After the police had suppressed Emma Goldman, I attempted in a small way to secure the right of free speech for her. I did not know the meaning of free speech then, it was merely a fancy with me; now free speech means my life. I went to Milwaukee to hear Emma Goldman speak. She spoke in German; I did not understand her well. I went to Minneapolis to hear her speak and afterwards I said, "If that is Anarchism, I am an Anarchist," and since that time, nearly two years ago, I have been with Emma Goldman.

My relations and my friends are here: some of the boys I went to school with, some of the doctors who taught me medicine, some of the girls I played with, and some of the girls that know me very well. I want to use five minutes and take you to other cities where I have been with Emma Goldman. We went to St. Paul, then to Seattle, and then to California; no disturbance. We came back from the Coast and went to New York; no disturbance. I thought that Chicago was the only city in America where she had trouble. We started on another tour. We went to Indianapolis, the police of that city stopped her. We went to Washington. In Bellingham, Washington, Miss Goldman and I got off the train; the police were there with a warrant, charging us with creating a riot; they put us under $1,000 bail. We came to San Francisco; there was a new Chief of Police, and he arrested Emma Goldman, myself, and another friend on the charge of being Anarchists and denouncing the government as unnecessary. We had a jury trial and the jury freed us. The Court held it was not a crime to denounce the government or being an Anarchist. I went back to New York and found there have been dozens of meetings stopped. I found in Worcester, Mass., in Burlington, Vt., in Buffalo, Detroit, in about twenty cities the police had suppressed Emma Goldman. Now I want to tell you why the police suppressed Emma Goldman. Emma Goldman says, and I think it is true, that compared with the newspapers the police are angels. The newspapers in America are largely responsible for the suppression of free speech. Now let me tell you how it was they stopped her in Detroit. In Detroit a newspaper man went to the Commissioner and said, "Emma Goldman is coming to town, that awful Anarchist; the police have stopped her around the coun-

try, she will probably start a riot." The Police Commissioner did not see the joke; he had a faint recollection of meetings being suppressed, and he goes to his Chief Assistant, a fine good natured Irishman, and he says, "Emma Goldman is coming to town, what do you think about her?" "Oh, she is an Anarchist, she told Czolgocz to kill McKinley." So the Chief of Police suppresses free speech, and the newspapers make a sensation.

Shippy played in the hands of the *Tribune* and *Journal*. The *Tribune* and *Journal* praised Shippy. He was a great man two years ago, but the same newspapers are the ones that are responsible for Shippy's downfall. Whenever a newspaper praises a policeman, look out! they will slip him one some time. I am not up here to condemn Shippy; it was a big hit when he stopped free speech. The newspapers knew Emma Goldman, many of the editors of the dailies and cosmopolitan magazines know her, and in towns where newspapers have an influence and a clever reporter, the newspaper or reporter can induce the police to stop free speech. The papers in Spokane, the Spokane *Chronicle* and *Review* are responsible for those 450 men being in jail to-day. I have learned to understand, I can understand the police, I can be lenient with them, but with the newspapers I cannot.

I want to impress on your minds this idea: Everybody reads the *Daily News* and *Tribune*, and they believe them. These newspapers deceive the people and urge the police to violence. The *Tribune*, the *Record-Herald*, the *Inter Ocean*, the *Journal*, and the *News* are the papers in Chicago that are responsible for the misrepresentation of Anarchism, as well as for the hanging of the Anarchists in '87, and are the greatest enemies the people of Chicago have.

Just a few minutes more, and I have finished. When the police suppress Emma Goldman, whether in Detroit, or Buffalo, or Indianapolis, New York, or Burlington, the Free Speech Committee takes up the fight. It circulates free speech literature and tries to create public sentiment. Let us take Boston, for instance. I went to see some Single Taxers, radicals, and Socialists there, and said. "The police are about to suppress Emma Goldman. Will you be with us in a free speech fight?" Now I am going

to attack the Socialists. I saw in Boston the Executive Committee of the Socialist party, Jim Carey and other members. I said to them, "Emma Goldman believes in liberty; we want justice, we want free speech; will you help us?" Carey said, "To hell with the Anarchists, to hell with freedom and free speech, we want Socialism." You may think this is an exception; not at all. I am convinced that if Simons were Mayor and Barney Berlin Chief of Police of Chicago, Emma Goldman would not speak here.

Some of the Socialists will take exception to this. In Haverhill, Mass., the officials of the town are Socialists, or rather they were. There was a Socialist Mayor and a number of the aldermen were Socialists. The Socialists in Haverhill refused to come out for freedom of speech. They said, "If the police want to stop Emma Goldman we don't care, unless they stop us." That has happened in every city in America, and I say to you that the Socialist party in America, as an organization, refuses to back us in our fight for free speech. I am speaking of the party as an organization; some of the members are all right. Debs is a Socialist and he is a member of the Free Speech Committee, and the Chairman of the Committee is a Socialist. When we went to Simons, here in Chicago, he refused to aid the free speech fight. I said to the local Socialists: "If we can't get a hall, will you let us have your hall?" They would not have anything to do with us. "Will you appeal for her in your paper?" No. They talk about the suppression of Warren a great deal in the *Appeal*; not a word has been said about Emma Goldman. We want the radical papers and the Socialists to defend free speech. If you will read the paper published here by Louis Post, you will get the truth about the free speech fight; if you will read the *Mirror* of St. Louis, you will there get the truth, too; also in the New York *Call* and many other valuable papers which have come out for Emma Goldman. I have not asked the Socialists to support Emma Goldman, because she does not need them. All we have asked them, as liberals and radicals, was to support our free speech fight.

Now, friends, my life's work I hope will always be with Emma Goldman and the great cause of human liberty.

# THE CASE OF SCHREIBER

## AN APPEAL.

NOVEMBER 23rd, 1908, John Schreiber, a middle-aged machinist, and John Adams, a youth, were arrested at Irvington, a ward of Newark. The arrest was made by a New York detective by the name of Rafsky, who is commissioned to watch over Anarchists, about whose ideas this non-gentleman hasn't a spark of judgment.

The accusation, as it was patched together by Rafsky and his fellow-spies, read thus: That Schreiber and Adams had the *intention* to waylay the wife of a manufacturer by the name of Ross. This lady was in the habit of going to the bank on a certain day of the week to draw the necessary sum for the workingmen on Saturday.

Though there was absolutely no evidence to support the charge, and no attack had been made on Mrs. Ross, Schreiber and Adams were imprisoned at Newark for seven months before they were given a trial. During all that time the prosecution as well as the secret police were hunting for facts, but they could only produce their own robber stories. Finally the date was set and on June 9th, the proceedings began.

The "evidence" of the prosecution was summed up thus:

I. Rafsky "found" an anonymous letter in his office, which announced that Schreiber intended to rob a woman in Irvington.

II. Adams carried a revolver.

III. Schreiber had a pocket knife in his possession.

This anonymous letter or notice seemed too foolish and suspicious even for the court. Judge Davis ordered that it should not be entered as evidence into the minutes, and yet, in spite of that, this Judas letter was indirectly made the basis of the sentence.

As to the second point, if the sentence of assault and robbery were put upon all persons carrying revolvers, a prison would soon have to be erected in every tenth block.

As regards the third point, the conspiring detectives testified that the blade of the pocket knife was open

when found on Schreiber. What a silly, unpsychological assertion! It is most inconvenient to carry an open pocket knife in one's pocket for hours. A knife can be opened in a second, and there is hardly a person who would resort to the practice of such inconvenient foolishness as that of which the detectives accuse Schreiber.

Although Schreiber succeeded in proving, through the officer of the Newark branch of the Machinists' Organization to which he belonged, that he went to Newark to look for work, he made no impression upon the court and the jury. He was convicted of having committed the deed, *because* he is an Anarchist!

Schreiber was sentenced June 14th, 1909, to three years' imprisonment and $1,000.00 fine. What mercy towards a workingman out of employment! Of course, it is self-evident that he would never be able to pay that amount, and his term of imprisonment in the penitentiary would have to be prolonged—an extra punishment for poverty.

This incredible sentence, and the scandalous methods which were employed, aroused a storm of most righteous indignation among Schreiber's friends and fellow-workers. A short account of the case was published by his union, and a collection was taken up for the purpose of appealing the case, in which the members of the Machinists' Union as well as those of other workingmen's organizations and sympathizers took a lively interest.

Mr. Linton Satterthwait, a Trenton lawyer, was engaged to carry the case to a higher court. In his appeal he literally tore into shreds the anonymous letter and the inventions of the detectives. Then he asked the question: "Why was Schreiber and Adams sentenced?" The answer followed: "Because and *only* because there existed a hysterical fear for the spectre of Anarchy. It was this which caused the turning aside for the time being of all those judicial measures which protect even the most degraded, contemptible human creature against the misuse of justice. Schreiber was sentenced because he is an Anarchist—which cannot be considered a crime—and Adams, because he is a comrade, an acquaintance of Schreiber—which likewise is no crime.

These arguments convinced the Supreme Court, and during the latter part of February, 1910, it decided that

the sentence of Schreiber and Adams be declared null and void, that the methods of the proceedings were faulty and not in accordance with the claims of a fair, impartial trial.

On Friday, February 25th, 1910, Schreiber was transferred from the Trenton penitentiary to the prison at Newark. The prosecuting attorney, Mott, notified Schreiber's lawyer, that he, Schreiber, would shortly be released.

But between Friday and Monday the officials suddenly planned to have Schreiber declared insane. He is placed in the hands of physicians. Three doctors sent by the prosecution, each in turn, pronounce him insane. They are the Drs. J. Henry Clark, Wm. H. Hicks, and Livingston S. Hinckley. They each have their degree and license. They embody authority. Hundreds of laymen with sound reasoning power, clear judgment and mind might now declare John Schreiber sound and sane, yet what is their opinion compared with that of a single court or prison physician! It is of no consequence, they possess no degree, but the doctor has the license.

However, the laity well knows of thousands of cases, experiences of the past and present, that medical opinions often clash in questions of sanity. It is by no means an infrequent occurrence that they contradict one another, and often mutually declare the other ridiculous and absurd.

This will probably also happen in the case of Schreiber. His lawyer, Mr. Satterthwait, will call in physicians who will be entirely independent of the prosecution and the prison officials. It is without doubt that they will pronounce Schreiber sane. Right here is another point which laymen cannot grasp, i. e., why, after all these opinions have been spoken, a court official, in this case Judge Ten Eyck, a colleague of Judge Davis who pronounced the unfair sentence in the first trial, is to decide whether Schreiber is sane or not.

But it must not come to pass that the unfortunate victim of a police conspiracy be cast into oblivion. Friends, let us hasten to his aid. Help us to spread these judicial and psychological facts broadcast. Whosoever will find an opportunity to voice his indignation in this matter, be it in a newspaper, meeting, or even in a social

gathering, we implore him to do so. He thereby furthers the cause of truth and humanity.

If these are not yet dead in this country, then John Schreiber can not be committed to the insane asylum.

THE DEFENCE COMMITTEE.

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## BOOKS RECEIVED

GORKIJ, ZBOJNIK. Otto Wittner. Bohemian Co-operative Bookstore, Elizabeth, N. J.

AN APPEAL TO THE YOUNG. P. Kropotkin. Published in the Japanese.

THE CANADIAN SOCIALIST PARTY AND SOCIAL-DEMOCRATISM. The Finnish Pub. Co., Port Arthur, Ont.

LE PROBLEME MUNICIPAL. Olivar Asselin. Montreal.

A CALL OF ATTENTION TO THE BEHAISTS OR BABISTS OR AMERICA. August J. Stenstrand.

LE CRIME D'ENGENDRER. Fernand Kolney. Paris.

VIJROBNI DRUZSTVO ZEMEDELSKE. Cenek Pechr. Cleveland, Ohio.

SONGS OF SELF. Joseph A. Labadie. The Labadie Shop, Detroit.

JAHRBUCH DER FREIEN GENERATION. Pierre Ramus, Paris.

KALENDAR PROLETARE. Ruzodol, Bohemia.

THE END OF THE GAME AND OTHER PLAYS AND STORIES. Otto S. Mayer. Woods Publ. Co., New York.

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## FREE SPEECH FUND

### RECEIPTS.

Balance, as per February account, $373.22; Ferdinand Earle, Paris, per L. D. Abbott, $10.00; James Miller, California, $1.00; V. Petrovsky, Berkeley, Cal., $1.00. Per Emma Goldman, St. Louis, Mo.: Collection, $30.79; S. Norvil, $2.00; E. M. Grossman, F. B. Crunder, Percy Werner, G. S. Johns, H. W. Fullerton, Mrs. A. Somerville, à $1.00. Collection E. G. Detroit meeting, $3.00; a Friend, $5.00. Total—$432.01.

### EXPENDITURES.*

Springfield, Ill., free speech fight expenses, $75.58; Detroit, Mich., till free speech established, $63.40; Buffalo fight, including loss of halls, printing, ads, typewriting, postage, $182.25. Total—$291.23.

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| Receipts | $432.01 |
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